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A
Compleat KEY
TO THE
DUNCIA D.
WITH

A Character of Mr. POPE's Profane Writings.
By Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE Kt. M. D. K.

The SECOND EDITION.

How easily Two Wits agree,
One finds the Satire; One the Key.



L O N D O N, Printed for E. CURLL in the
Strand. 1728. (Price 6 d.)

Where may be had, The DUNCIA D.
(Price 1 s.)

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Complete KEY

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To the Public.



BELIEVE it may with great Modesty be affirmed, that, the Publisher of the *DUNCIAD* pays Mr. Pope, but an awkward Compliment in saying, that of all those Men who have received Pleasure from his Writings (*which he as Numberer calculates to the Amount of about a hundred Thousand*) of all this Number, says he, not a Man hath stood up in his DEFENCE.

i. e. Because they could not.

For with all due Deference to this Publisher in Masquerade, and to use his own polite Epithets, what Man that lays the least claim either to Honour or Conscience can stand up in the Defence of a Scoundrel, or Blockhead, who has, at one Time or other, Betrayed or Abused almost every

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one he has conversed with? Yet now he kicks and winces, because his assuming Arrogance has been exposed on the one hand, and his gross Ignorance on the other, by Mr. Theobald in his *SHAKESPEARE Restored*.

By a poor quibble on the Word Duncia the Dunciad is formed; and as Mr. Publisher is informed, has been the Labour of full Six Years of the Author's Life. But in my simple Opinion, to pursue this agreeable Metaphor, He must be a very great DUNCE, who, from a Plan so extensive, could not have raised a much nobler Structure in Six Days.

However, not to keep the Reader any longer in Suspence, he may be assured that Alexander Pope Esq; is both the Publisher and Author of this Patch-Work Medley.

Had the Hero, says Mr. PUBLISHER, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to be Mr. Welsted, Mr. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. but now all that unjust Scandal is saved by calling him THEOBALD, which by good Luck happens to be the Name of a real Person.

To the PUBLIC.

V

A notable Discovery ! Tho' it proves to be but half made ; for the Character of Bruyere's THEOBALD being but half quoted, inverts the whole Application, and proves Mr. Publisher so great a Dunce, as justly intitles him to be the Hero of his own Poem.

Read, Try, Judge, and speak as you find. In the 101st. Page, of the 6th Edition of Bruyere's Characters in English (Volume the 2d.) the Author thus delivers himself. viz.

*" I know, Theobaldus you are Old, but would
" you have me think you decline ? That you are
" no longer a Wit, a Poet ; that you are at pre-
" sent as bad a Critic in all kind of Writings,
" as you are an Author, that you have no longer
" any Thing new, easy, natural and delicate in
" your Conversation ? Your free and arrogant Mien
" persuades and assures me of the contrary : You
" are the same to Day, as you were fifty Tears
" ago, and perhaps better ; for if you are so brisk
" and lively at this Age, what Name, Theo-
" baldus, did you deserve in your Youth, when
" the Ladies were so charmed with you, that
" they swore only by You, and took every Thing
" upon*

"upon your Word; when as often as you spoke,
 "they presently cried out, — That's fine,
 "what did he say.

*If this be the Character of a DUNCE, I am
 sure Mr. Pope will never be taken for a WIT.*

— Male dum recitas incipit esse tuum.

Mart.

*I shall conclude with Mr. Publisher's egregious
 blunder in Chronology. He fixes the Æra of the
 DUNCIAD to the Mayoralty of Sir George Thor-
 old, yet makes it a Defense of Mr. Pope against
 what was wrote but Two Months ago.*



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KEY to the DUNCIAD.

BOOK I.

Line 5 and 6.

SAY from what Cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still *Dunce* the *Second* reigns like *Dunce* the *First*,

Meaning that Mr. *Theobald* succeeds Mr. *Settle*, if he has not a worse *Meaning*.

Alluding to this Couplet of Mr. *Dryden*'s, in his Satire intitl'd *MAC FLECKNO*.

Not only I, but Poetry am curst,

For 1 *Tom* the *Second* reigns like 2 *Tom* the *First*.

i. e. *Thomas Sternhold* and *Thomas Shadwell*,

Line 27 and 28.

Hence springs each Weekly Muse, the living boast
Of *Carll*'s chaste Press,* and *Lintot*'s rubrick † Post.

* Mr. *CURL*, in the *Strand*, was lately fined by the Court of King's Bench 50 Marks, for publishing, 1. *The Nun in her Smock*, a Novel. 2. A Treatise of the Use of Flogging in Venereal Affairs. Translated from the *Latin* Original of *J. H. Meibomius*, by Dr. *Sewell*, 1718.

† Mr. *LINTOT*, in *Fleet-street*, is so fond of Red Letter Title-Pages to the Books he prints, that his Show-Boards and Posts before his Door are generally bedaubed with them.

Line 30.

Hence the soft Sing-Song on *Cecilia*'s † Day.

† Mr. *Lintot* was so imprudent as to print a wretched Piece of *Sing-Song* of Mr. *Pope*'s for this Day, intended to vie with Mr. *Dryden*'s incomparable ODE called *Alexander*'s

A

8 KEY to the DUNCIAD.

der's Feast, the best that ever was written upon the Subject of *Musick*.

Line 37 and 38.

Calm *Temperance*, whose Blessings those partake,
Who hunger, and who thirst for scribling Sake.

This is an infamous Burlesque of that Text in Scripture,
—Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for Righteousness
Sake, &c.

Line 45.

Till genial *Jacob*,* or a warm *Third Day*. i. e.

* *Tonson*, (who prints the *Beggar's-Opera*,
Rank'd with the *Fables* eke of *Johnny Gay*,
Who says *Curl's* Authors always are in Pay.) *

Line 91, 92, 93, 94.

She saw old *Pryn* in restless *Daniel* shine,
And *Fusden* eke out *Blackmore's* endless Line;
She saw slow *Philips* creep like *Tate's* poor Page, †
And furious *Dennis* foam in *Wesley's* Rage.

* Here, *Daniel de Foe* is made the Successor of the
famous *William Pryn*.

† Mr. *Wesley* of *Westminster-School*, who translated
Homer's Batrachomyomachia.

Line 111.

Here swells the Shelf with *Ogilby* the great,
There stamp'd with Arms, *Newcastle* † shines compleat,
A Gothic Vatican! of *Greece* and *Rome*
Well-purg'd, and worthy *Withers*, § *Quarles* || and
Blome. *

† *Cavendish*, Duke of *Newcastle*, and his Dutchess, who
wrote several Volumes of *Poems* and *Letters* in Folio.

§ Mr.

* See, *Gay's Fables*.

KEY to the DUNCIAD. 9

§ Mr. George Withers, a malevolent Scribler who Libelled the Court of K. Charles the II. as Pope does that of their Present Majesties.

|| Mr. Francis Quarles whose Poetical Emblems are exactly upon a Par with Mr. John Gay's Fables.

* Mr. Blome, was a general Undertaker, like Ogilby or Pope.

Line 119.

There Caxton slept with Wynkin at his Side.

Two famous Printers who flourished in the Reigns of King Henry VI. and VIII.

Line 190.

Or shipp'd with Ward § to Ape and Monkey Land.

§ The London Spy, Trips to Jamaica, &c. with the rest of the Labours of Mr. Edward Ward, who now keeps a publick House in Morefields.

Line 191 and 192.

Or wafting Ginger, round the Streets to go,

And visit Ale-house where ye first did grow.

This is a pitiful Burlesque of Waller's Fine Couplet on the Navy,

Those Towers of Oak o'er fertile Plains might go,

And visit Mountains where they once did grow.

Line 204.

Then snatch'd a Sheet of Thulè * from her Bed.

* Alluding to a Poem so called, in the Free-Thinker, No. IX.

Line 230.

Can make a Cibber, Johnson, or Ozell.

The two First of these Play-wrights have it is true been often obliged to Beaumont and Fletcher. Mr. Ozell has translated all Moliere's Comedies and several French Tragedies and Farces.

Line

10 KEY to the DUNGEON.

Line 233 and 234.

And lo! her Bird (a Monster of a Fowl!
Something betwixt a Heideigger and Owl.

Let *Pope* look to himself next *Masquerade*.

Line 239 and 240.

Safe where no Criticks damn, no Duns molest,
Where *Gildon*, *Bond*, and high-born *H—rd* rest!

Mr. *Gildon* wrote the Character of Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Bond*
wrote a Satire against him, but in what Manner the Earl
of *S—ff—k* has offended I know not.

Line 248.

As sings thy great Fore-Father, *Ogilby*.

This Assertion is in it self erroneous; for Mr. *Ogilby*
was no Author; but an Undertaker of other Men's
Labours, (as Mr. *Pope* was of the *Odyssey*) he publish'd
Virgil, *Homer*, *Travels to Japan*, *China*, &c.

All on large Paper, and a curious Print,
Whence our *Subscribing Bards* all took the Hint,



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KEY to the DUNCIAD. II



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KEY to the DUNCIAD.

BOOK II.

Line 34.

A Wit it was, and call'd the Phantom, *Moore* *

* *James Moore Smyth Esq*; Author of the *Rival Modes*. Mr. *Lintot* purchased this Comedy at the *Præmium* of a Hundred Guineas.

Line 37, 40, 42, 46.

L—t and *C—l*. i. e. *Lintot* and *Curl* Booksellers.

Line 54.

Which *Curl*'s *CORINNA*, &c. i. e.

Mrs. *Thomas*, to whom Mr. *Cromwell* gave Mr. *Pope*'s letters which Mr. *Curl* printed.

Line 95 and 96.

His Papers all, the sportive Winds uplift,
And whisk them back to *Gay*, to *Young*, to *Swift*.

Line 118.

Cooke shall be *Prior*, and *Concanen*, *Swift*;

Mr. *Cooke* is the Author of *The Battle of the Poets* and several other Poems. He has likewise Translated from the Greek the Works of *Mæchus*, *Bion*, and *Hesiod*.

Mr. *Concanen* has published a very good Collection of Poems intituled, *The Dublin Miscellany*.

The

12 KEY to the DUNCIAD.

The Note at the Bottom of the 21st. Page, viz. *Joseph Gay*, a fictitious Name put by *Curll* before several Pamphlets.

The first Piece that ever bore the Name of *Joseph Gay* for its Author, was an excellent Poem in Two Books intituled, *The Hoop-Petticoat*. By *Francis Chute Esq*; and the Second was an ingenious Dramatic Performance called, *The Confederates*. By *Capt. Breval*, to expose that wretched Farce of *Gay's*, — *Three Hours after Marriage*.

Line 124.

On *Codrus'* old, or *Dennis'* modern Bed.

Line 127, 128, 129.

Earless on high stood pillory'd *de Foe*,

And *Titus* * flagrant from the Lash below :

There kick'd and cudgell'd *Ridpath* might ye view —

The *First*, of these *Three Heroes* was pillory'd for writing a Pamphlet intituled, *The shortest Way with the Dissenters: Or, Rules for Establishing the Church*. He also wrote *A Hymn to the Pillory*.

The *Second*, was * *Dr. Oates*, who, in King *Jane's* Time was whipt from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*.

The *Third*, wrote the *Flying-Post*, who for scandalous Paragraphs therein, had often stood a Drubbing.

Line 136 & seq;

See in the Circle next, *Eliza* * plac'd;

Two Babes of Love close clinging to her Waist;

Fair as before her Works she stands confess'd,

In flower'd Brocade by bounteous *Kirkall* † dress'd

Mrs. *Eliza Haywood*, Authress and Translatress of many Novels. † Mr. *Kirkall* the Engraver of her Pictures before her Novels. The two *Babes of Love* (which the Holy Father of the Church, *St. Augustin*, calls *Adolescentus*) the scandalous Chronicle records to be the Offspring of a Poet and a Bookseller.

KEY to the DUNCIAD. 13

Line 144, 145.

————— *Juno* * of Majestic Size,
With Cow-like Udders, and with Ox-like Eyes.

i. e. Mrs. Mary Hearne, Authress of Two Novels:
1. *The Lovers Week*, 2. *The Female Deserters*.

Lin. 148.

Ch————d and C ——— l. i. e.

William Rufus Chetwood, Predecessor to Mr. *Francklin* in
Russel-Street Covent-Garden, and Mr. *Curll* with whom Mr.
Francklin served his Apprenticeship.

Lin. 170 and 171.

Chetwood, through perfect Modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

Among many other Pranks played, in a Drunken-De-
bauch, Mr. *Chetwood* was sent Home with a Jordan, alias,
P—st-Pot on his Head.

from Lin. 171 to 201.

The Dukes of N——le, G——n, and late Duke of
——n, are scandalously Libelled. *Vir*.

Rolli, brings the Feather.

Welsted, Classic Flattery.

Webster, carries off the Prize.

Lin. 188 and 190.

O ——— is *John Oldmixon* Esq; dignified in the *Tatler*
by the Name of *Omicron*, the unborn Poet. Author of
many Poems, some Plays, and much History; his last Per-
formance is *The Critical History* of England.

Lin. 218 and 219.

Noise, Nonsense, Norton, * Brangling, and Breval†
Dennis and Dissonance; ———

Norton de Foe, Son of *Daniel de Foe*.

† John

14 KEY to the DUNCIAD.

† *John Durant Breval*, Son of Dr. *Breval* Prebendary of *Westminster*, a very ingenious Gentleman. He was Fellow of *Trinity-College* in *Cambridge*, and has obliged the Public with the following Poems. I. The Art of Dress. II. *Mac Dermot* : Or, the *Irish-Fortune Hunter*. III. An Epistle to Mr. *Addison*. IV. *Calpé* : Or *Gibraltar*. V. *The Play is the Plot* a Comedy. Also two Volumes of Travels in Fol.

Lin. 229.

So sighs Sir *Gilbert*, &c. i. e. *Heathcott*.

Lin. 235.

But far o'er all sonorous *Blackmore's* strain. *

* Alluding to the many Heroic Poems wrote by *Richard Blackmore*, viz. *King and Prince Arthur*, *Elfrida*, *Alfred*, &c.

Lin. 242.

And *Hungerford* re-echoes, bawl for bawl.

Lin. 259.

In naked Majesty great *Dennis* stands.

Lin. 267.

Next E ——— div'd; ——— ———

i. e. The Revd. Mr. *Eusden*, Poet Laureat.

Lin. 271.

H ——— try'd the next, &c.

i. e. Mr. *Walter Harte*, who last Year published a Volume of excellent Poems. 8vo. Others say, this is a Compliment to *Aaron Hill Esq*;

Lin. 280, 281, and 288.

Nor everlasting *Blackmore*, &c.

But nimbler *Welsted* reaches at the Ground.

Lo *Eusden Rose*, &c.

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KEY to the DUNCIAD. 15

Line 275, 276, 277, and 288.

Far worse unhappy 1. *Diaper* succeeds,
He search'd for Coral, but he gather'd Weeds.
True to the Bottom 2. *Young* and 3. *Newcome* creep
Longwinded Both, as Natives of the Deep.

1. Mr. *Diaper* was a very modest and ingenious Clergyman, He wrote among other Poetical-Pieces *NE-REIDES: Or, Sea Eclogues*. Inscribed to Mr. *Congreve* 1712.

2. Alludes to Dr. *Young's* Seven Satires on The Universal Passion, still left unfinished.

3. The Reverend Mr. *Thomas Newcome* of *Sussex* has wrote a large *Folio* Poem in Twelve Books on The Last Judgment.

Lin. 309, 310, and 311.

Taylor, * sweet Bird of *Thames*, majestic-bows,
And *Shadwell* nods the Poppy on his Brows;
While *Milbourn* there, deputed by the Rest;
Gave him the Cassock, Surcingle and Vest.

* *John Taylor*, called, the *Water-Poet*, his Works are printed in Folio.

Lin. 324 and 325.

Which most conduce to sooth the soul in Slumbers,
My H——y's Periods, or my *Blackmore's* Numbers?
Alluding to the ORATORY: * And to *Creation* and *Redemption*, two Divine Poems wrote by Sir R. *Blackmore*.

* Others say, to the Bishop of *Sarum*.

Lin. 351.

Thrice *Budgell* aim'd to speak, &c.

Lin. 353.

Collins and *Toland*, prompt at Priests to jeer
Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's* no Kingdom * here.
* At-

16 KEY to the DUNCIAD.

* Alluding to Bishop Hoadley's Sermon intitled, *The Nature of Christ's Kingdom.*

Lin. 365.

At last *Centlivre* * felt her Voice to fail.

* This Poetess has obliged the Public with the *Gamester*, *Busy-Body*, and several other very entertaining Comedies.

Lin. 367, 368, 369.

Theobalds and *Trapp* the Church and State give o'er,

— nor *Shippen* whisper'd more:

Ev'n *Norton* * gifted, &c.

* Son of *Daniel de Foe*, before mentioned.

Line 379.

How *Eusden* lay inspir'd beside a Sink—

This Reflection is as mean as it is scandalous.



A

KEY to the DUNCIAD.

BOOK III.

Lin. 16.

Old *Bavius*, &c. i. e. Mr. *Shadwell*.

Lin. 26.

As thick as Eggs at *Ward* in Pillory.

Against whom Mr. *Pope* wrote a Satire, to please certain Ducheſs, while he was under his Punishment; the greatest Act of Barbarity.

Lin. 128.

And a new *Cibber* shall the Stage adorn.

KEY to the DUNCIAD. 17

Lin. 137 and 138.

Fam'd for good Nature *Burnet*, and for Truth,
Ducket for pious passion to the Youth.

Thomas Burnet Esq; did himself write a Letter to the Earl of *Halifax* informing his Lordship (as he tells him) of what he knew much better before, &c. And he also published (in his own Name) several Political Pamphlets, viz. *A certain Information of a certain Discourse*, &c. *A Second Tale of a Tub*, &c. All which, it is strongly affirmed, were written by *Coll. Ducket*.

Line 143.

Ah *Dennis*, *Gildon* ah! &c.

Line 154, 155, 156.

Heywood and *Trotter*, Glories of their Race!

Lo 1 *Horneck's* fierce, and 2 *Mitchel's* rueful Face!

3. *Woolston*, the Scourge of Scripture, mark with Awe!

And mighty 4. *Jacob* Blunderbus of Law.

1. *Philip Horneck*, Son of the pious *Anthony Horneck*, who wrote the *High German Doctor*. 2. A most wretched *Rabbinian* Poetaster, witness, O! all his Works. 3. *Thomas Woolston*, Author of the Four Discourses against our Saviour's Miracles. 4. *Giles Jacob*, a *Bristol* Attorney, the Publisher of many useful Law Books.

Line 161.

Pass these to nobler Sights: Lo *Henley* stands

Mr. Orator Henley, laughs at all Libels against his moveable Foundation.

Line 174.

Watts, *Baker*, *Milbourn*, &c.

+ A Lad who served an Apprenticeship to *Mr. Parker* a bookseller in *Pall-Mall*. He has published some rueful rhymes at his own Expence both of Pocket and Understanding.

B

Line

18 KEY to the DUNCIAD.

Line 177 & seq;

But who is he, in Closet close y-pent,
With Visage from his Shelves with Dust besprent?
Right well mine Eyes arede that Myfter Wight,
That wonnes in Haulkes and Hernes, and Hearne he bight
To future Ages may thy Dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the Dulness of the Past.

This is indeed the true Character of the indefatigable
Mr. Thomas Hearne of Edmund-Hall, Oxon.

Line 211, 212, 213, 214.

Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at Ease,
Mid Snows of Paper, and fierce Hail of Pease?
And proud his Mistress' Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm

This is a very poor Burlesque of Mr. Addison's fine
mule of the *Angel* in his Campaign, and rather establishes
than hurts, the Character of that great and good Man.

Line 216, 217, 218.

B——th and C——r, i. e. Booth and Cibber.

Line 251.

Thy Dragons Kings and Princeesses shall taste,
Here, the Court is impudently made the Seat of Dulness

Line 271, & seq;

Beneath his Reign shall Eusden wear the Bays,
Cibber preside, Lord Chancellor of Plays,
Benson & sole Judge of Architecture sit,
And Ambrose Philips be preferr'd for Wit.

§ It is hoped this Gentleman will proceed with his
cellent Translation of *Virgil*. He is a good Architect.

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KEY to the DUNCIAD. 19

Line 281.

Let there be Darkneſs!

This is a Blaſphemous Ridicule of *Genesis*, Ch. 1. V. 3. And God ſaid, *let there be Light: And there was Light.*

Mr. Pope was at this once before, in his *Rape of the Locke*, wherein his pious *Belinda* is thus obeyed.

Let Spades be Trumps ſhe ſaid, and Trumps they were Prophaneneſs is ſo much the Delight of Mr. Pope, that farther Proofs of it may be ſeen, in his Tenth Letter to Mr. Cromwell, * wherein he ſneers the Religious Obſervation of *Paſſion-Week*; and in the following Character given of him by Sir Richard Blackmore, whoſe Reputation is above the Reach of every Attack of his virulent Pen.

The Doctor in his *Essay upon Polite Writing* 1717. (Vol. 1. p. 269, 270.) ſpeaking with juſt Abhorrence of prophaneneſs, thus concludes — “ Pity it is, that theſe intrepid Conſpirators againſt Heaven and Religion, animated with deliberate Malice, ſhould go on by their impious Turns of Wit and Raillery, to expoſe all moſt and prudent Behaviour, and give the laſt Blow, if they are able, to Sobriety of Manners; and thus by recovering and confirming the vitiated Reliſh of the Nation, undo all that the other Writers by their excellent Labours have, to their great Honour, done in the Service of Virtue and their Country *

“ I cannot but here take Notice, that one of theſe Champions of Vice is the reputed Author of a deteſtable Paper, that has been lately handed about in Manuſcript, and now appears in Print, in which the
“ godleſs

* See, Pope's Familiar Letters to Henry Cromwell, Eſq; Page 28. Vol. 1. The Publication of theſe Letters have ſtung him to the quick.

* Alluding to the *SPECTATOR*, and *GUARDIAN*; chiefly thoſe Papers wrote by Mr. Secretary Addiſon.

20 KEY to the DUNCIAD.

“ godless Author has burlesqued the *First Psalm* of
 “ *DAVID* in so obscene and profane a manner, that per-
 “ haps no Age ever saw such an insolent Affront offer-
 “ ed to the established Religion of their Country, and
 “ this, good Heaven! with Impunity. A sad Demonstra-
 “ tion this, of the Low Ebb to which The *British Vir-*
 “ tue is reduced in these degenerate Times.

This profane Version of the *First Psalm*, was handed
 about by Mr. Pope in the *Lent-Season*, and printed from
 an Original Copy in his own hand Writing. He put
 out an Advertisement in the *Post-Man* offering Three
 Guineas reward to discover the Person who sent it to the
 Press, but this was only an evasive Feint, for Mrs. Bur-
 leigh in *Amen-Corner*, was the Publisher of it, and was
 ready to produce the Manuscript under his own hand,
 but neither He, nor any one for Him, ever paid the *Pre-*
mium, or said one word more about it when he found
 it could be proved upon him.

And in this last effort of his petulant Malice, the
 DUNCIAD, He makes the Reverend Mr. Luke Mil-
 bourn thus deliver himself.

Here take, says he, these Robes which once were mine,
Dulness is Sacred in a Sound Divine.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT is no Wonder that Mr. Pope's Rage
 should boil so high against Col. Ducket, tho'
 all he says of him, or can say against him, is
 that he loves his Friend, is a Commissioner, and his
 Friend a Consul.

But, *latet anguis in Herba*, this Commissioner
 seems, did wickedly and maliciously, not having
 the Fear of God before his Eyes, prevail with his
 old Acquaintance Sir ILIAD DOGGREL to write

KEY to the DUNCIAD. 21

an Epilogue for *Punch* to speak, at the Representation of the *Siege of Troy* for Mr. *Pope's* Benefit, on Mr. *Powel's* Theatre at *Bath* in the Year 1715. in *hæc Verba*.

EPILOGUE.

GENTEELS, I come to wish you Joy,
Of a much better Tale of *Troy*.

Ours was but scanty, light and short,
And made to yield the Audience Sport:

Homer has this at length related,

Do you not wish he were Translated?

There you might read the Whole at large,

With every *Grecian's* Name and Barge:

How *Hellen* runs away with *Paris*,

And how poor *Hector's* Wife miscarries;

How *Nestor* liv'd to be a Hunder'd,

And how stout Bully *Ajax* blunder'd;

How *Diomedes* that fighting Fellow,

Wounded God *Mars*, and made him bellow;

How *Troy* held out Ten Years and more,

And all for one poor batter'd Whore; †

How all the Heroes had their Misses,

But one fly Sinner call'd *Ulysses*.

There you may read what Jars and Piques

Happen'd among the merry *Greeks*;

And how they all had Boots and Spurs,

And rode within a Wooden-Horse;

How Champions, more than I can tell ye,

Were all inclos'd within his Belly;

How

† *Hellen*.

22 KEY to the DUNCIAD.

Nay more, this Horse, as *Homer* notes,
Was fed with Men instead of Oats;
And when for Provender he seeks,
They bring him straight a Peck of *Greeks*.
But would it not amaze a Stranger,
To see an Army in his Manger?

All this and more, does *Homer* say:
Is he not worth *Translating* pray?
I speak without a Fee, or Bribe,
Here's Pen and Ink—good Sirs *Subscribe*,
Twelve Guineas each at least, I hope,
Gad's me — 'tis done by Master. P O P E.

Such are the *true Contents* of our blind *Grecian Ballad-Singer's* Performances; for which I doubt not, but those *Ideots* who have subscrib'd for *Twelve Volumes in Folio*, of such Stuff, will with all, proper Panegyrick, be transmitted to Posterity by the ingenious Author of *The Progress of DUNNESS*. For, there are but *Two Things* to be considered in every *HEROIC POEM*; First, *how to write it*, Secondly, *how to make it sell*.

N. B. The DUNCIAD, it seems, is to mimic a Weather-Glass, and vary every Impression as the Author's Malice increases to One, or abates to Another.

A DODD, is forbid selling any more KEYS on pain of Mr. Pope's Displeasure. This Second Edition of the Key is rendered conformable to the Second Edition of the Poem. — Sequiturq; Sequentem.

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